A

PANEGYRICAL

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. *THOMAS SNOW*,

Goldſmith, near *Temple-Barr*:

Occaſion'd by his Buying and Selling of the THIRD SUBSCRIPTIONS, taken in by the DIRECTORS of the *SOUTH-SEA* Company, at a Thouſand *per Cent.*

LONDON:

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Price Three-Pence.

A

PANEGYRICAL

EPISTLE

TO

M. TIRONNEAU,

A

Panegyrical Epiſtle

TO

Mr. *THOMAS SNOW.*

DISDAIN not, Snow, my humble Verſe to [hear:
Stick thy black Pen awhile behind thy Ear.
Whether thy Compter ſhine with Sunſs untold,
And thy wide-graſping Hand grow black with Gold:
Whether thy Mien erect, and ſable Locks,
In Crowds of Brokers over-awe the *Stocks.*

Suſpend the worldly Buſineſs of the Day;
And to enrich thy Mind, attend my Lay.

O thou, whoſe penetrative Wiſdom found
The *South-Sea* Rocks and Shelves where Thouſands [drown'd.
When Credit ſunk, and Commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt; nor ſent one Bill unpaid away.
When not a Guinea chink'd on *Martin*'s Boards,
And *Atwill*'s ſelf was drain'd of all his Hoards,
Thou ſtood'ſt; (an *Indian* King in Size and Hue)
Thy unexhauſted Shop was our *Peru*.

Why did 'C*hange-Alley* waſte thy precious Hours,
Among the Fools who gap'd for golden Show'rs?
No wonder, if we found ſome Poets there,
Who live on Fancy, and can feed on Air;
No wonder, they were caught by *South-Sea* Schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a Guinea, but in Dreams;
No wonder, they their Third Subſcriptions ſold,
For Millions of imaginary Gold:
No wonder, that their Fancies wild can frame
Strange Reaſons, that a Thing is ſtill the ſame,
Though chang'd throughout in Subſtance and in Name.

But you, (whoſe Judgment ſcorns Poetick Flights)
With Contracts furniſh Boys for Paper Kites.

Let Vulture *H*-----*ns* ſtretch his ruſty Throat,
Who'd ruin Thouſands for a ſingle Groat.
I know thou ſpurn'ſt his mean, his ſordid Mind:
Nor with ideal Debts would'ſt plague Mankind.
Why ſtrive his greedy Hands to graſp at more?
The Wretch was born to want, whoſe Soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty Dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting Viſion true;
They ſell the Treaſures which their Slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the World in Debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my Reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this Moral Tale.

Through fam'd *Moor-Fields* extends a ſpatious Seat,
Where Mortals of exalted Wit retreat;
Where wrapp'd in Contemplation and in Straw,
The wiſer Few from the mad World withdraw:
There in full Opulence a Banker dwelt,
Who all the Joys and Pangs of Riches felt:

His Side-board glitter'd with imagin'd Plate;
And his proud Fancy held a vaſt Eſtate.

As on a Time he paſs'd the vacant Hours,
In raiſing Piles of Straw and twiſted Bowers;
A Poet enter'd of the neighb'ring Cell,
And with fix'd Eye obſerv'd the Structure well.
A ſharpen'd Skewer croſs his bare Shoulders bound
A tatter'd Rug, which dragg'd upon the Ground.

The Banker cry'd, "Behold my Caſtle Walls,
"My Statues, Gardens, Fountains, and Canals;
"With Land of twenty thouſand Acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand Pound.

The Bard with Wonder the cheap Purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the Contract (as ordains the Law.)

The Banker's Brain was cool'd, the Miſt grew clear;
The Viſionary Scene was loſt in Air.
He now the vaniſh'd Proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancy'd Bargain was not good:
Yet loth the Sum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd;
"Give me a Penny, and thy Contract's void.

The ſtartled Bard with Eye indignant frown'd.
" Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my Debts compound!
So ſaying, from his Rug the Skewer he takes,
And on the Stick Ten equal Notches makes:
With juſt Reſentment flings it on the Ground;
" There, take my Tally of Ten Thouſand Pound.

FINIS.

The Hurtled Bard with Eye indignant frown'd.
" Shall I, ye Gods, (he cries) my Debts compound!
So saying, from his Rug the Skewer he takes,
And on the Stick Ten equal Notches makes:
With juft Refentment flings it on the Ground;
" There, take my Tally of Ten Thouland Pound.

FINIS.